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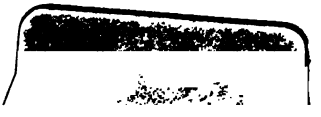

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William Morgan Esq
From an old attached friend
The Editor

THE

CHELTENHAM

POETICAL ALPHABET;

BY

SEVERAL AUTHORS.

" Au nom de Dieu laissez-nous la Republique de *lettres*.."
" NAPOLEON."

CHELTENHAM:
GEORGE ARTHUR WILLIAMS.

1832.

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TO

MRS. AND THE MISSES BALL,

OF WEYMOUTH,

AT WHOSE SUGGESTION THE FOLLOWING PAGES

WERE WRITTEN,

IN THE NAME OF THE OTHER CONTRIBUTORS AND

HIS OWN,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

BY THEIR ATTACHED FRIEND,

THE EDITOR.

From an old Latin friend
the Police

PREFACE.

The thought of a "*Poetical*," as a counterpart to the "*Landscape*, Alphabet" originated with the Ladies, to whom this little Work is inscribed. At their request the Editor began, and had made some progress in writing the following pages, when, fearful that if but *one* pen were employed, repetition and insipidity would be unavoidable, he solicited the assistance of his literary friends. That assistance was ably and liberally given; and, as we have seen happen on greater occasions, the *Auxiliaries* soon became *Principals*. To those friends he now offers his warmest acknowledgments, and leaving to *them* the well-merited honor of superior talent, he only claims for *himself* the minor merit of "having been the cause of wit in others." It may be right to add the whole work, is original, and only printed for the perusal of private friends.

Cheltenham, Nov. 21*st*, 1832.

POETICAL ALPHABET.

No. 1.

I rank first in my race, and in vain were created
Sans moi, all the things which shall now be narrated;
Maids, matrons, man, markets, manœuvres, and
martyrs,
Baths, ballots, banks, bankrupts, bards, barristers,
barters;
Lambs, leopards, rams, *radicals*, royalists, ranters,
Cats, camels, camelions, cathedrals, and *canters;*
Halls, harbours, hydraulics, hexameters, hearts,
Tea, treasures and talismen, talents and tarts;
The mad laugh of pleasure, the tear of the sad,
The dream of life's dawn, and the pangs of the bad;
Of war and ambition the brilliant false glare,
And to age the dark vista of ceaseless despair;
All that charms, or endears, or exalts man's career,
While fancy still flatters with happiness here;
When arms, arts, and learning may challenge your
praise,
Or the magic of beauty shall gladden your days;
Then mortals acknowledge *my* claim, 'tis to share
The banquet prepared for the great, brave, and fair.

J. G. L.

No. 1.*

The chief of my gang, with fair nature I rise,
And with the day's dawning enrapture your eyes,
Discovered in mortals, tho' never in men,
All authors display me, but not by their pen;
I court not or princes, or kings, while I claim
Of the valiant and great to partake in the fame;
I mix not with soldiers, yet march in their ranks,
And tho' never in rivers, am found on their banks,
I seek not the knight, but I stick to his page,
And if I'm not furious, I'm given to rage;
In Parliament, tho' not in either House, known,
Of England I share the immortal renown;
Fond woman's lov'd smile is not mine, but they say
That the Graces with me in soft dalliance play;
Detected in haughtiness, tho' not in, pride,
And flying from wedlock, to marriage I'm tied;
And Montpellier, whenever I visit your wells,
With your *beaux* I may figure, but not with your *belles*;
While ye *blues*, tho' I've nothing to do with the set,
I'm the guide and the soul of your fond *Alphabet*.

J. G. L.

No. 2.

A step in the progress of knowledge makes he,
Who, tired of my neighbour, advances to me;
At a wedding I'm seen in the blush of the bride,
And the bridegroom and bridemaids display me beside;
Next summoned to share in that season of joy,
Again I appear at the birth of a boy;
I mix not in politics, scandal, or war,
But I'm found in the broils of the bench and the bar;
Though at court never seen, I've still much to do
With bishops, and barons, and baronets too;
'Tis I lead the *beaux* and the *belles* to parade,
And the banner of glory is raised by my aid;
Without me the miser no bullion can gain,
And the glutton may sigh for his banquet in vain;
Though not seen in travelling, I still find a path
Through Barnstable, Birmingham, Bristol, and Bath;
I chant not the praises of Althorp or Grey,
But Britain's best bulwark in Brougham I display;
While Britain herself, tho' the loved theme of fame,
Without *my* assistance, would lose her proud name;
As the bearer of blessings, I'm welcome in all,
But the parts I most shine in are "*Beauty and Ball.*"

J. G. L.

No. 3.

At all coronations I'm certain to be,
Yet commonwealths find too a leader in me;
Though with courtiers I live, and in courts I reside,
I partake not their vanities, folly, or pride;
In the circles of royalty constantly seen,
Yet I've nothing to do with the king or the queen;
But when they retire to their closet I share,
As a chosen companion, their colloquy there;
If characters be by their company rated,
I know not how *mine* can be well estimated;
For I mix in all classes, connexions, conditions,
With scholars and blockheads, clerks, scamps, and physicians;
While I count 'midst my closest and intimate *cronies*
Quacks, clergymen, colliers, cits, clowns, *macaronies*,
With the commons of England I always appear,
And if not in their squabbles, I join in the cheer,
Which welcomes the flashes of genius and wit,
Such as once blaz'd from Sheridan, Fox, Burke, or Pitt;
In the conqueror's conquests some portion I claim,
For vain without *me* were his title to fame;
And if he these conquests with clemency crown,
I challenge *my* share in that nobler renown.

J. G. L.

No. 4.

With the dawn I dart forth, decline with the day,
In the dark I am seen, and exist in decay;
I sigh not for treasures, for glory, or health,
But deal in disorders, disasters, and death;
I dawdle with dowagers, dance with their daughters,
With drunkards doff drams, and delight in defaulters;
I pretend not to vie with the clever and witty,
Yet to *Delias* with *Damons* I dole out a ditty;
I share (for my doom's a diversified page)
The day-dream of youth, and despair of old age;
And so varied's my path, that you still may trace me
In the dimple of damsels, and drugs of M. D.;
In the dainties of dukes, and the dry niggard food
Which Want drags from Industry hardly pursued—
Midst "*mother's own darlings*," midst doctors and deans,
Midst all the attendants who dangle round queens—
(And while my high value such favor proclaims)—
In the diamonds which dazzle on high-titled dames—
In the desert, the dungeon, the dale, the divan—
In the multiplied dealings of strange-fated man—
And wherever he tread, and whatever he dare,
If danger defy him, *I'm* sure to be there.

J. G. L.

No. 5.

Since tempting with promised enjoyment the Devil,
In Eden with Eve, entail'd on us evil,
Of that Eve the dear daughters, with whom I abide,
Assisted by idleness, pleasure and pride,
Have ceased not endeavouring their empire to prove,
By the lustre of charms and the sweet power of love;
Then, youths, as with beauty I triumph, confess
If such beauty can torture, such beauty can bless!
For women, sweet women, with whom I'm united,
This world, once a desert have cheer'd and delighted,
'Tis true that they know, but too well, how to teaze,
But then, how enchanting they are when they please!
In the noon-day of glory a smile from *their* eyes,
Is of heroes at once both the motive and prize;
If fortune desert us, *their* care can assuage,
Pangs, poverty, sickness, disgrace, and old age;
Then, tho' chained to the sex, I will ever allow,
They heighten our pleasure and sweeten our woe!

J. G. L.

No. 6.

If you ask who I am, my answer is this:
I've nothing to do or with sorrow, or bliss,
With scandal or spinsters, divorcing or dancing,
With sporting or spouting, or smoking or prancing,
With lambs or with lions, with dunces or duns,
With peers or with pedlars, with parsons or puns;
But if folly amuse, or if fancy delight,
If friendship console, or if fortune invite,
If enamoured you sigh for the fairest of faces,
Whose features display all the feminine graces,
If you flirt, fish, or fight, or aspire to high fame,
In each of these doings some portion I claim;
My way I have made to all bosoms and hearts,
By puffing, by falsehood and flattery's arts;
But though I have flourished midst fates favored few,
I still must acknowledge 'tis equally true;
That I'm found where pale Famine with pestilence dwells,
In the fiercest of felons, the foulest of cells!

J. G. L.

No. 7.

Proud mortals observe me in yon golden ray,
Which announces the coming of life-gladdening day;
For the goal that you run with such ardour to gain,
With me not your guide, you will never attain;
If in glittering garments you wish to appear,
It is *I* who must deck you in that gaudy gear;
If gaiety charm you, or gaming excite,
With gay folks and gamblers I waste the long night;
If grandeur attract with the trappings of state,
To that grandeur I'm chained by the fiat of fate;
If you pray that your gold or your gems may abound,
Again I must lead where those gewgaws are found!
Generosity, gratitude, goodness of heart,
In all of such virtues I still take a part;
But though I live much with the grave I confess,
I mingle alas! with the giddy no less;
And if genius without my assistance be vain,
The guilty too often are seen in my train;
While with guardsmen and gossips and gypsies I stray,
And gathering fresh roses at first glimpse of day;
In the garden Georgina a garland entwine;
Which the Graces shall place on those tresses of thine;
Yet with things of vast magnitude too I unite,
When for England and glory I gallantly fight;
Politicians may talk of king, commons, and peers,
But, 'tis *I* who give generals, guns, grenadiers;
[redacted] for one moment *I* go from my post,
[redacted]rison falls and the government's lost.

No. 8.

While me still the Cockney unpitying ties
To his *elbow*, his [1]*arm*, and his [1]*ears*, and his [1]*eyes*,
And makes me, in spite of all law, to partake
Of his *ills* and his [1]*insults*, his [1]*ague* and [1]*ache*;
With equal injustice he drives me away
From his [2]*home*, and his [2]*house*, and his [2]*horse*, and his [2]*hay*;
From his *hopes*[2] and his *happiness*[2] bids me depart,
And turns in my absence to [3]*fraud* the warm [3]*heart*.
I'm surely the worst used of all of the letters,
So treated by *cits*, and as ill by their betters!
Though heroes without me were sought for in vain,
I'm robb'd of *my* part in the [4]*honor* they gain;
Though in the son's heritage suffer'd to share,
I'm dropt in his [5]*title* which sounds light as [5]*air*;
E'en [6]Humility too in *my* case presumes,
While she leaves me quite out in the name she assumes;

---

1 Because the Cockney aspirates all these words.

2 Because the Cockney omits aspirates in all those.

3 Because the Cockney calls *heart art*.

4 Because *honor* is universally pronounced *onor*.

5 Because *heir* is pronounced like *air*.

6 Because *humility* is pronounced *umility*.

In short, I'm imprison'd or exil'd at will,
And the learned and ignorant injure me still;
For I who once hoped that with *Byron's*, *my* name,
(Which *he* deign'd to sing) might be handed to fame;
Degraded now see myself destin'd to be,
A theme to the Herald of A, B, C, D!

J. G. L.

No. 9.

When single I toil in the duties of life,
Contending with envy, and malice and strife,
No name is so common, so well loved as mine,
Which the lowest will take, nor the highest, decline!
It is in *that name* that the tyrant oppresses,
That poverty begs and that beauty caresses,
That the lover solicits, the sick man complains;
The boaster tells lies, and the statesman ordains;
Such *alone* is my use, when with others united,
How many by me are improved or delighted!
'Tis I who contribute (as soon you will find)
To the blessings priz'd highly by all of mankind;
When love deigns to smile, or when genius, to write,
When the fancy is warm'd, or the eye charm'd by light,
When Industry thrives, and when Wisdom imparts,
Such instruction as mends both our minds and our hearts;
When virtue exulting her triumph surveys,
And claims the just tribute of merited praise;
When we fight for our children, our rights, or our friends,
For the best things which Fate so indulgently lends;
In all of these instances, truth must confess,
That *alone*, or in *company*, still *I* can bless.

J. G. L.

No. 10.

Tho' not the most famed of my race, I contend
That with persons and things of vast import I blend,
In scripture itself you discover my use,
While you read of Jerusalem, Job, or the Jews;
In more modern annals me too you behold,
Where Britain the tale of her *Jameses* has told;
One of these (tho' indeed of but little renown)
Of England and Scotland, first put on the crown
And the other (that senseless and bigoted ass)
These three mighty kingdoms gave up for a mass!
Next of judges and juries, assuming the state,
With justice I settle of wretches the fate;
But mingling in dealings more humble beside,
With joiners I work, and with jockies I ride:
With the jolly I drink, with the jovial I play,
And in jesting, and joking, and joy pass the day;
While so I jog on in this journey of guilt,
'Tis *my* doom to be joined in a jail to a jilt.

J. G. L.

No. 11.

Tho' not found in *faults*, I am caught in *mistakes*,
And if never with *libertines*, always with *rakes;*
In the Koran I'm seen, yet partake of the zeal,
With which at their altars true Catholicks kneel;
Neither kingdoms, nor kings, can exist without me,
Yet attached to republicks, I own I *may* be!
With knowledge I'm raising a power that shall break,
The shackles of slaves, and make tyranny quake!
While, brave *Kosciusko*, in thy honor'd name,
'Midst thy kindred so keenly I'll kindle a flame;
'Twill light them to glory and make them regain,
That freedom *thy* valour, long fought for in vain!
With knights of all classes I'm fond to resort,
While leading the way to the camp or the court;
I'm not seen in beauty but share her sweet looks,
I live not with barons, but always with dukes;
And by links of attachment so strongly I'm joined,
No less to the *last* than the *first* of mankind;
That the scaffold I'd mount with the guiltiest wretch,
And in kindness take ~~part~~ rest at the side of *Jack Ketch.*

J. G. L.

No. 12.

Though far from pretending to take any part,
In ethics, divinity, science, or art;
Yet my post should I leave, no attention would draw,
Or letters, or language, or lawyers, or law;
Our ladies, like lillies, will fade without me,
And the lords of creation unlorded shall be;
The lions of London tho' long known their name,
Must at once be struck off from the records of fame;
From her toils too desponding may Labour desist,
And Religion confess she no more can exist;
While lovers will cease for their Lauras to sigh,
And Love, the world's tyrant, unpitied shall die;
I can listen, laud, lash, I can prattle and play,
Lament with the woeful and laugh with the gay;
As a wife at the close of a quarrelsome day,
I can lesson and lecture the long night away;
On the litter of lassitude now I am seen,
And now with the lasses and lads on the green!
Should I vanish, to chaos the world must be tost,
For Learning and Liberty both will be lost;
And stript of that blessing, no longer shall Sight,
Luxuriate in all the enjoyment of light;
But since with most evils, some good we obtain,
To lessen our loss or alleviate our pain;
With me you get rid of that wearisome prater,
Whose loquacity lives in its emblem L*****tre.*

20 J. G. L.

* The author of this paper.

No. 13.

Mild maidens, my merits are most known to you,
Tho' 'mongst matrons and mothers I'm found, it is true;
That I march at your beck seems a miracle too,
I, who make mountains move without much more ado;
Meek modesty makes me a marvellous man,
Method marks me misanthrope, mad, miser and mean;
'Mongst mobs and in monarchies certain to be,
Most men in their memoirs make mention of me,
For monarchs and ministers many, 'tis said,
When divested of me were deprived of their head;
With the muses, your handmaids, I come at your call,
And with music, sweet songstress, attend at your *Ball*;
In memory's mirror I'm certain to be,
For you can't name yourself without mentioning me;
On the tops of the loftiest mountains I'm found,
In the marrow of mammoths I lie underground;
I am chief in the moon and in mercury too,
Madagascar and Monmouth both know me, 'tis true;
Blind Meonides, Menelaus mentions, we see,
But 'mongst myrmidons many makes much more of me;
Midst Moscow's bright blaze I was seen from afar,
And made Mack near to Munich mock Metternich's war;
Mark'd Miltiades murder 'midst Marathon's mound,
And with Marius in Marsh of Minturnœ was found;
'Mongst Malplaquet's murder makes Marlbro' move,
And Macedon's madman 'midst Media to rove;

Metaphysics, menonics, much more should I mention,
Misanthropical man might mistrust my intention,
As each half-livered Indian and broad-spoken Sawny
Makes me minister much to his mulligatawny;
Many matches I've marr'd, for, instead of soft love,
Mammon most makes the multitude madly to move;
So I've not yet nam'd marriage, blue chamber of fate,
Equal dread or delight of the poor and the great;
Why? 'tis plain, in this mutinous debt-owing nation,
Without mentioning Malthus, or multiplication;
What more, why if tired of this fluttering place,
To Malvern from Cheltenham you speed with quick pace;
Tho' last at the latter your absence to mourn,
I am first to the former to greet your return.

J. C.

No. 14.

Napoleon to me owes beginning and end,
Without me he could never have had any friend;
To declare after this, 'twill appear strange to you,
I was e'en in his palace, his "[1]ennemi partout:"
Twice in the Peninsula I found my way,
Tho' I never left England with truth I can say;
Inhuman, tho' innocent, unknown to fame,
Inconstant, but still I was always the same;
In the sea never was I, tho' seen in the main,
I feel not, and yet I am always in pain;
In the sun's brilliant orb I shall ever be found,
And tho' always in heaven I ne'er leave the ground;
I don't live in a house, in a tent I abide,
And tho' always found *in one*, I'm never *inside;*
Tho' of years I have numbered I think not a few,
In the Greek all have found me invariably [2]new;
I shine in the night, am not seen in the day,
In the moon—the last quarter—I figure away:
Obedient to all, I appear at command,
In an instant you'll find me, just look in your hand.

M. C. S.

1 or N, mis. 2 the Greek letter *ν*.

No. 14.*

Engag'd in wandering far from home,
'Tis odd I am not given to roam;
Still, apt to join in song and dance,
I've been in Spain, once too in France;
With castanet and tambourine,
Twice 'mong the Pyrennees I've been,
Or where Italian grandeur shines,
I'm often midst the Appenines:
Tho' shock'd with Gallia's wild vagaries,
I never show my nose in Paris;
In merry England glad to dwell,
To Britain held by magic *spell*;
Inclin'd to strange fantastic notions,
Display'd in sundry vain emotions,
I move about with yonder sun,
Till from his heat compell'd to run,
Pent in an inn his rays I shun;
Ne'er bent to join much with society,
Yet now and then, for some variety,
I often mix with saint and sinner,
To share the banquet, lunch, and dinner;
Tho' like the owl, I fly day light,
Pleas'd with the moon, and shadowy night

T. C

No. 15

Expressed in all tongues, in all climates the same,
With the sad I lament, with the glad I exclaim.
Wanting me you could neither write *poem* nor *prose* :
I am sharp in the *thorn*, and yet sweet in the *rose*.
Discovered alike in the *worthy* and *worst* :
I am ever in *foremost*, yet never in *first!*
Although much in the *world*, I am more in the *moon ;*
And distinguished in *song*, altho' never in *tune !*
Still seen in the *rainbow*, and heard in the *storm :*
Without me, they ne'er could have carried " *Reform.*"
I am always in *love*, tho' I don't care for cupid—
Not know my name yet ! shall I tell you ? *O*, stupid !

W. R.

No. 16.

Tho' not found in nobles, 'tis I make the peer,
I'm always *en peur*, but never in *fear*;
In a passion too often, I'm not seen in ire,
Tho' I can't *tune*, I *inspirit* the lyre;
'Tis I who with Penury spread desolation,
And I too with Plenty can gladden the nation!
The Pope owes to me all his title to fame,
While without me the Protestant loses his name;
Of princes and potentates I am the guide,
Still link'd to the people I stand by *their* side;
No barrister owns me, and yet you'll agree,
The best of their pleaders can't plead without me.
Of Poetry fond, tho' by no means of wit,
In *Fox* I appear'd not, but blazed forth in *Pitt;*
With churchmen and churches I've nothing to do,
Yet priests and *prim* parsons I'm still pledged to you!
In the palace of kings I am proud to appear,
And of felons in prison I close the career;
I share not the broils of the stormy debate,
Still with me politicians for ever will prate;
And tho' no one has charged me with sending him dosing,
'Tis said I am terribly given to *prosing*;
I am not allied to the vain ones of earth,
Yet Pride and Pretention to me owe their birth;
And tho' I detest the wild whims it has shown,
Without *me* would Paris lose all its renown.

No. 17.

Ye curious in letters—the fit and the few—
I shall tell you my tale, feeling quite in the cue.
Surrounded by uproar, in quiet I rest;
Yet, wherever the quarrel, I'm found in request.
Altho' one among Quakers, and tied to the quill,
Should you dance 'til day-light, I'm in every quadrille:
First voice in the choir when they sing a quartett;
And tho' piqued and repiqued, always one at *piquet*.
I have oft popp'd the question to obdurate breasts,
But could never succeed in the court of requests:
And the end on't will be that I'll find, please the *blues*,
If not last of the *pig-tails*, I am of the *queues*.

W. R.

No. 18.

Born in Rome, I took part in her arms and her glory,
As narrated you'll find in her luminous story;
Then through ages of savage stupidity slept,
Till with letters again into notice I crept;
And as knowledge illumin'd the fire of her ray,
Of Learning and Liberty shed the bright day;
In the records of Albion I often appear,
Asserting the rights of the poor and the peer;
With her barons the charter of freedom I gained—
A greater with Russell and Brougham I've obtain'd,
And quelling with Reason the popular storm,
Prevented Revolt by the charm of REFORM;
So promise the Whigs, while the Tories pretend
That our ruin's beginning, not brought to an end:
May such Crokers prove wrong, while with Britain I reign
Protectress of freedom, and queen of the main!!

J. G. L.

No. 19.

I'm the greatest of conjurors now upon earth;
I double each thing in its moment of birth;
Hopes, fears, joys and sorrows were few without me,
And lonely the river, the bird, and the tree.
When the heathens desired to become polytheists,
I gave them their gods—else they must have been deists;
Were I absent, the planets would shrink into one,
And the moon draw no light from the perishing sun.
Besides this, I am quite at the head of society,
In style and in fashion of some notoriety;
When I come before t-ea, I am seated near you,
And a jest or a song can convert into two.
*I make tales of the Tories, and stupid old age
Creeping close to my elbow, grows instantly sage.
I preside at the supper, then lead in a song,
And late in my hours, begin swearing, ere long;
Yet tho' deep in my cups, from each midnight till morn,
I have not been in bed since the day I was born!
Is this strange? There is one fact much more strange about me:
† That no-thing is singular with or without me.

C. S. W.

* *S*tories.

† (i. e.) *no thing* is singular with *s*, for then it is things; nothing is singular without *s*—Oh! oh!

No. 19.*

My figure, resembling a serpent or eels,
(Says Hogarth) the true line of beauty reveals;
Thus favour'd by nature for flounces and sashes,
I'm doom'd to go always in sackcloth and ashes.
A list of my merits would certainly tire,
But touching my *rank* I take lead of the squire,
Who—if I withdrew—in some frolicsome caper,
Would turn to a score or more sheets of white paper;
—You've heard the old saw, "'twixt the cup and
the *lip*,"—
My presence induces the latter to *slip*:
It is thus I make sport of your port, while at sales
Each lot must be lost, when my humour prevails—
My presence transfers a *fat* friend to a *fast* one,
And changes your ship to a boat—a three mast one—
A *pet*, it is mine to convert to a *pest*—
The spread of the Koran was one of my best;
I saw, with such weapon, *that* faith would be floor'd,
And therefore transmuted the *word* to the sword;
Turn'd *laughter* to slaughter, and what is still worse,
Converted the *cure* of their souls to a curse!
I can make a lip lisp, and if I am hissing,
A king, with two i's, will be always a kissing—
A bishop in state, tho' he duly be wed,
Will carry his mistress abroad on his head;
And by my intervention a waggoner's *team*,
E'er vapour was fancied, proceeded by steam.

Now change we the picture—suppose me away—
A princess may shave off her beard ev'ry day!
The beauty, whose bosom sly Cupid has fann'd,
Will ogle her * *spark*, with a view to his land;
Or she, who is prone in her mirror to pry
Will see, when she squints, a small *cat* in her eye:
Her satisfied *smile* will be eight furlongs long,
And softest *salute* play some favorite song!
While a boy's Latin master, (too given to knuckle him!)
Will change his rough nature and sit down to suckle him;
But lest I seem tedious, no farther I'll press—
I am not L. L. D. tho' oft A double S.

G. W.

*(i. e.) Park.

No 19.**

A serpent in form, and like one I hiss,
Without me you never would know what is bliss;
I am given to sadness, but yet must confess,
I can soon make you change all your *cares* to [1]*caress*;
A vixen I am not, yet without me a scold,
Instead of being furious, would soon become cold:
I am never in tune so much so a harp,
If I but approach it, gets instantly sharp;
Yet no song is without me, without me no sound,
In the middle of music I always am found;
[2]If I stand for a moment before any *man*,
In a moment he changes his sex to a *woman*;
If your legs are too thick, and not quite in good trim,
Use my aid, in an instant your limb becomes slim;
I always attend both on saints and on sinners,
[3]Never come after *tea*, but am always at dinners:
Weak claret I shun, but am of the right sort,
I stick to old sherry, and make sport of port;
I begin every sickness, yet still am your friend,
For without me excess would have never an end;
I see you have guessed me—yes, yes, you are right,
For tho' I'm invisible, still I'm in sight.

M. C. S.

1 cares, by the addition of s, becomes caress.

2 he becomes she. 3 S is before T in the alphabet.

No. 19.***

I'm seen still the same in the Doctor's black dose,
In the sallies of Scott, and the sermons of Close;
In saints and in sinners, in blockheads and wits,
In the simper of spinsters, or sirloin of cits;
In the sentence of judges, the slashing of swords,
The scratching of cats, and the squabbling of Lords;
In the storm of the sea, or sedition's harsh hiss,
In the summer's soft season, and love's blissful kiss;
In the skill of the sportsman, the statesman or scholar,
In the secrets of science, and sufferings of war;
In the silence of "*Friends*," or the scolding of shrews,
In the schools of the wise, and the soirées of "*Blues*;"
I share in man's sorrows and deepest distress,
And without *me* can beauty nor soothe nor caress;
I'm met with in solitude, silence, and ships,
And tho' never in travelling, in *tours*, and in trips;
While if not at Cheltenham, I'm seen at her Spa,
Where I close all the scandalous tales of *faux pas*.

J. G. L.

No. 20.

The leader at once of the *ton* and the throne,
In genius, I shine not, in talent, am shown;
Never seen in the day—'tis *I* close the night,
The source of all treasure, the end of delight.
In town and in country 'tis mine to reside,
I'm lov'd in the Sister, but not in the Bride;
In the Tower I am tied, to the taxes am rated,
In a tart I'm approv'd, in a termagant hated;
Midst *democrats* caught, I'm attach'd to the *Tories*
And, devoted to truth, am detected in stories.
Of commerce and riches I make no parade,
Yet am I the guide and beginning of *Trade*;
I share in the battle, but not in the fame,
Which gives to the hero his undying name;
I like to be trotting, trampusing and rattling,
And tho' never to lying, am given to, prattling.
In *Alphabet*, too, I fail not to appear,
And like you, petty poet, take rank in the *rear;*
But here ends similitude 'twixt you and me,
For when will *your* work be just done to a T?

J. G. L.

No. 20.* .

Once toasted with transport and victory's tar,
When our trident triumphant rul'd Trafalgar's war;
Yet by times so transform'd, that now, you may see,
A temperance society headed by me;
For believe it not, shades of the warrior dead,
In the tri-colour flag I've been seen at Spithead;
Thus tormented by times that our sweet temper ruffles,
Adieu, turtle and turbot, tripe, tiffen and truffles;
For tho' my friends think me a scolding Thersites,
I tell but the truth, and say only what right is.
All towns, e'en the oldest, were founded by me,
Thebes, Troy, Tyre, Timbuctoo, and Trincomalee;
Of all parties a part, and deep vers'd in intrigues,
And in letters of credit I travel o'er leagues;
Much addicted to truth, tho' oft caught telling stories,
And tho' not the great Duke, yet still head of the Tories.
In fair Italy once, to improve my condition,
True taste taught me touch in the pencil of Titian:
I'm the soul of those bards who've made nature their lot,
Beginning with Thompson, and ending with Scott;
Alike thus allied to both nature and art,
Beauty, modesty, merit must reach to my heart,
For where is that adamant heart that is proof
'Gainst the radiance of beauty, the graces of youth?
Sole trace left to mortals from paradise hurl'd,
Of the rapturous joys of that ever-lost world.

All banquets, tho' splendid or royal they be,
And commenc'd as you will, are concluded by *me;*
Tho' from far distant China o'er ocean I come,
Yet each morning and evening you find me at home;
You must now know my name, without further divining,
Since I've told you thus much—if you don't, go to Twyning.

J. C.

No. 21.

I'm first in the Universe, all must agree,
But am not, at present, in Favor, you see!
Yet such is the fondness of Change among Men,
Perhaps I may figure with Honor again;
In Uproar I'm foremost, wherever it be,
Yet Union itself would be lost without me;
From Dullness I own I'm not free, and yet where
Is the laugh to be found, in which *I* do not share?
I shine not in Wit, but in Humour abound,
And can pass from the middle of Fun to profound;
Even those who write Music acknowledge my aid,
They give me a part, tho' they won't let me lead.
Capriciously free'd from, or held in controul,
At least, I am sure of repose in the soul;
And thou, pretty Being, with whose classic Name,
Tho' humble my plea, an Alliance I claim;
Oh Shed thy bright Smiles on the Path I pursue,
For I ne'er can be *finally* sever'd from You.

J. C—y.

No. 22.

If any one urged me my title to tell,
I scarce could reply in the range of Bow bell;
The cockney old letter-man surely should know,
Yet he asks for my [1]neighbour, the next door below;
While [2]some lexicographers fearlessly shove
My bettermost [3]half to the next door above;
If used in this style in my anglicised home,
[4]Oh give me again to the style of old Rome;
Which, when I was plac'd at the table with others
Assign'd [5]me precedence o'er four of my brothers.
Mais helas! Ils ne sont plus les beaux jours de fête,
Tho' still my pretensions are somewhat elate;
I am ever in vogue—and if music's your choice,
Am great on the viol, and always in voice;
On shelves in your volumes I often have lain,
And yet even there you had sought me in vain;
For be it confess'd I'm a bit of a knave,
Associate with vampires, and live in the grave;
A shape so protean may lead you to doubt me,
And yet what more comical changes *without* me;
Our [6]valleys with houses, not trees would abound,
Our [7]navy decline to a negative sound;
A [8]*dove* would transform herself into a *doe*,
A [9]shove without force to a shoe on your toe;
All poets would scribble in [10]Erse very soon,
And even our [11]vices be eat with a spoon;

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1. W. V has two powers expressed in modern English by two [illegible]rs—U vowel, and V consonant.—*Johnson.* 3, U. 4, (i. e.) [illegible]l paroit que c'etoit le principal caractere ancien pour repre[illegible]oyelle et la consonne, il servoit à la nummèration Romaine; [illegible]inq.—*Encyclopèdie Mèthodique.* 5, V. 6, alleys. 7. nay. *oe.* 9, *shoe.* 10, verse, erse. 11, ices.

In short would you seek an acquaintance with me,
I am quite in the vein, and am just Vis à V.

G. W.

No. 23.

With the first at all weddings tho' certain to be,
Most wretched wives date all their worst woes to me;
Since with woman or witty, or wise, it is said,
In the waltz or the whisper I'm still sure to lead;
For I'm first in the throng, where with woman and wine,
Wit weaves the wild wreaths that with wisdom combine:
When at whist 'tis your pleasure or chance to cut in,
But place me before and your certain to win;
With Walcheren's widows thro' Antwerp I've come,
And wag'd Waterloo's war, whilst wise Wellington won,
With the whole world's wild wail I have join'd in the throng,
Where the worthy and wise wept the wizard of song;
For, with Walter allied, I can ne'er be forgot,
While Scotland survives as the land of her Scott;
In the head of the wise always sure of a nitch,
And with Endor's old dame once near burnt as a witch;
'Mongst the world's seven wonders I ever must be,
For the world itself were no world without me;
With Waterfall's woodcocks, and winter I come,
And am so oft away, that I am seldom at home;
Still I wait with delight on your wives and yonr daughters,
Whilst to me is ascribed the chief worth of the waters;
And with whalebone the ladies sweet waists I entwine;
For no lady wants stays, who has staid till our time;
And though with vile pride I have nothing to do,
Amour propre apart I'm still worth double you.

No. 24.

So modest am I, that I love to recede,
And suffer my equals in rank to precede;
Tho' I've led, in my day, the distinguish'd and bold,
Such as Xerxes, that once mighty monarch of old:
As Ximenes, the statesman and cardinal too;
Or Zimenes, the knight, better known as the Jew.
In systems and doctrines I seek not renown,
Yet without me no *axiom* can wisdom lay down;
Detected in paradox still I protest
That nothing than argument more I detest;
Tho' I deal not in bullion, bonds, cash or the stocks,
The miser with pleasure locks me in his box;
Tho' I share not the feelings of hope or of fear,
Yet still with the anxious I always appear;
And tho' I'm not fond of such practical jokes,
I defy you without me to get up a *hoax*.

J. G. L.

No. 25.

Tho' not the companion of candour or truth,
I'm the constant ally both of beauty and youth;
I like not the learn'd, yet live with the witty,
Not met with in towns, I inhabit the city;
Still attached to the country I own it is true
I admire not the oak, but delight in the yew,
With nobles and princes I never appear,
But tarry with yeomen throughout the long year;
With glory I follow the brave to the field,
Where nature has strangely disposed me to yield;
I mix not with women, yet always am ready
To move in the train of some lovely young lady;
Still wedlock I spurn, as a very bad joke,
Till caught, like my neighbours, at length in the yoke;
But now I must stop, or I surely should bore ye,
For I feel a strong *yearning* t' indulge in long story.

J. G. L.

No. 26.

Should your taste prove zetetic, attend to my case—
Tho' my brothers all live, I am last of my race:
Two dozen and two are the utmost we boast—
In number not much; in puissance a host!
To none upon earth such renown is decreed:
We are all men of letters, yet not one can read!
For myself, loving law, I attend each *assize*,
And without me a blank were as good as a *prize!*
Tho oft down to *Zero*, let beauty attest
How languid is bliss 'till I'm found in the *zest!*
Yet, seldom invok'd, I rove idle and free,
And am met in each *zone* with the dark *Zingaree.*

W. R.

Copy of an Epistle sent to the Editor on the conclusion of this Work.

And now you've well your story told,
And cloth'd each letter o'er with gold;
Adorn'd them all with thoughts divine,
Thoughts that dishonour not the *Nine;*
Enrich'd them with the varied lore
Of classic page, read o'er and o'er;
(Where they who earn'd a glorious name,
Still prompt to deeds of equal fame)
Now pause, and listen to my lay,
While thus with fervent heart I pray:
Would, that instead of twenty-four,
There were as many letters more,
That wit and genius there might find
A wider field for feats of mind!
In youth we little thought to see
Such beauties shine in A, B, C;
Nor dreamt of such a clever pen
As that which charms in L. M. N;
Still greater strength appears, 'tis true,
With temper'd grace, in I and U;
And he who reads D, E, F, G,
Will sure not less delighted be.
Then if H, I, J, K, you scan,
How very smooth the verses ran!
A corner in fame's temple too
What man of taste denies to Q?

Q, who must ever *U* precede,
(For grammar's laws have so decreed;)
Since Q alone is void of sense,
Unfit for either mood or tense,
These letters then must married be,
They live in such sweet harmony!
In W's wit pourtrayed we find,
Our little friend's capacious mind.
The curtain dropt, let justice tell
The actors in each part, X, L.
Long may ye live, ye spirits kind,
To give us thus a feast of mind;
To cast a clear ethereal spark,
To cheer us onward through the dark
And cloudy winter, drawing nigh,
Our thoughts to raise and purify;
And more might I sing, but desist O my lays,
Nor wound modest merit by overdrawn praise!

T. E. B.

FINIS.

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